



## THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

'Tis hard to understand  
At times, in this strange earthly life,  
Mid all its pains, and cares, and strife,  
The working of God's hand.

For, when we look around  
We see so many mysteries;  
Such discords mar the harmony,  
So heavy seems the load.

Some hearts must bear;  
How dark and dreary seem the days  
To those who walk in shadowed ways  
Of toil, of pain, and care.

And some must brook the loss  
Of much that makes this life most dear;  
Must bear with patience year by year  
The weight of some sad cross.

On some sad closed ears,  
All the sweet melodies that play  
On this glad world from day to day  
Falls noiselessly as tears.

For them no loving voice  
Can break the long, deep, silent hours;  
Like summer wind among the flowers,  
Which makes the heart rejoice.

And God has strangely sealed  
Some lips that might have served them well  
For what high purpose who can tell?  
One day 'twill be revealed.

And then we shall understand  
What on earth was mystery,  
And all will be sweet harmony  
In that bright, better, land.

## How Zulu Women Sew.

The skill of the Zulu of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes can compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the American needlewomen. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other. The Zulu woman is never without them, and carries them in an elaborately-decorated sheath of raw hide. The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any strength and thickness. Thus, the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand. This done, she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work, or do anything else, who can possibly help it) and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly compared with an American needlewoman, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever. The skin upon which the seamstress is working is damped with water before she commences; and as the damp thread

and hide dry out it brings the work very close together. This is carefully attended to, and the work is not allowed to get dry until finished, when the seamstress lays it flat upon the ground, pulling it this way and that, and mixing and arranging the hair for several hours, until, the skin being generally dry, it is impossible to find the joint or hem with the naked eye when looking at the fur side of the garment. The stitches are very small, and, when dry, lie very flat, and a number of curious designs are worked out in various skins, which, when finished, look like the perfect skin of a single animal, which must have been the Joseph of the animal tribe, to judge from the colors in its coat. I should imagine that an hour's work of a modern sewing-machine would be about equal in bulk to the work of two hundred Zulu women for the same time; but their work would be done with a degree of efficacy no machine can ever approach. — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

## A Cheeky Man.

The cheekiest man of the season has been found. He entered a local barber shop not far from the city hall and asked if he might wash his face. The tonsorial juggler said, "Of course."

"I'd like a clean towel, if you please," said the stranger suavely.

One could have heard a pin drop as the barber acquiesced and handed him a clean towel.

"May I brush my hair?" said the fastidious caller, as he stepped toward a looking glass. The barber left his customer and pinched to see if he was really alive.

"I have a good, clear glass here. Now, just a little oil for my hair. There!" said the stranger, as he rolled Corinthian bangs on his marble-white brow.

The barber opened his mouth wider.

"Now, just a little wax on my moustache," said the visitor. He suited the action to the word and twisted the ends of his moustache to his satisfaction.

"I am much obliged, sir," said the extra nice stranger, as he adjusted his hat, strolled to the door and disappeared.

A liberal fanning and application of cool water relieved the proprietor, but it was an hour or two before he fully recovered. — *Manchester Union*.

## How is This?

A FATHER 30 years of age had a son 10 years of age—the son just one-third the age of the father. Ten years latter the father is 40 years of age and the son 20—the son one-half the age of the father. Twenty years latter still the father is 60 years of age and the son 40—the son two-thirds the age of the father. How long—both living—will it be before the father and son are of the same age.

## THE BATTLE MONUMENT.

The Corner-Stone laid with Great Pomp and Ceremony.

It is to Cost \$60,000, and Will Mark the Spot where the Battle of Trenton was Fought.

Reported for the SILENT WORKER.

The 26th of December is a great day for Trenton. It was on that day in the year 1776 as every body knows who has read American history, that Washington took his troops—foot-sore, ragged, hungry and depressed by defeat, but still stout of heart and of tough muscle—across the Delaware, amid the dangers of a swollen current and of floating ice, and aimed a desperate blow at the triumphant Hessians quartered at Trenton. That blow as all the world knows, was delivered so fairly and heavily that the Hessian forces were "knocked silly" and "threw up the sponge" after a short fight, and their commander, poor, brave, honest, boozy, pig-headed Oberst Johann Gottlieb Rall, met a soldier's death in trying to rally his broken lines.

No event of the Revolutionary war was more important in its effects on the spirits of the Americans and on the judgment of Europe as to the probable result of the war. Trentonians have always been proud of this victory gained on their soil, and, until within a few years, the anniversary was celebrated by a sham fight in which so far as possible, the real battle was reproduced in all its details. This year, Trenton had something to celebrate for. For years some of our patriotic citizens have felt that we ought to have a monument to commemorate so important an event in our country's history. An association was formed of which Gen. Stryker, the learned and patriotic Adjutant General of the State, Col. W. H. Skirm and Col. T. S. Chambers were prominent members, to secure the erection of a suitable monument to mark the spot of the battle. Through the efforts of Gen. W. J. Sewell, then U. S. Senator, and of Judge Buchanan, then representing this district in the House of Representatives, Congress was induced to give \$30,000 to this object, the State Legislature gave \$15,000 and \$15,000 was given by the public.

So we are to have a monument costing \$60,000, which will be an ornament to the city and a worthy memorial of the heroes of the battle. The corner-stone of this monument was laid on the 115th anniversary of the battle, Dec. 26th, 1891, which was a red-letter day in the history of our city. Hon. Leon Abbett, Governor of the State, laid the stone, with eloquent and appropriate remarks, in the presence of a large and interested audience, and amid the booming of cannon, firing a national salute. The patriotic societies, the Cincin-

nati, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution each gave a banquet followed by speeches, and late in the afternoon the Opera House was crowded with the best people of the city and State who listened eagerly to some of the most witty, interesting and instructive speeches and papers that were ever presented on a similar occasion. Senator McPherson, Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. Stryker, and Ex-Secretary Roberson were the Speakers. Gen. Stryker's paper was especially valuable as being the first full and correct account of the whole affair at Trenton that has ever been given to the public. It is on his authority that we depart from the usual spelling of the Hessian Colonel's name which has generally been given as Rahl. From his account, we learn that the monument, standing at what we call the Five Points, marks the spot where Captain Alexander Hamilton planted his guns which were handled with such tremendous effect. At this point, too, meet the road along which Washington marched with the main attacking column, that on which the Hessians first formed to meet the charge of the Americans, and that along which their retreat was finally intercepted.

At that time Trenton was a village of, at the outside, 500 inhabitants. Hamilton avenue, where this school is, was then a rough road, newly cut through the woods, full of stumps and rocks, over which, a few days after his Christmas surprise party, Washington made his men stub their toes and smashed the wheels of his artillery in his midnight sloop on Princeton. Where the Post Office now stands was an apple orchard, and it was in the back part of that orchard that the surrender of the enemy was made. Certainly Trenton has grown since then to reach her present population of 60,000, and her patriotism has not declined. As was well said by General Sewell, himself a distinguished veteran of the civil war and an adopted citizen of our country, those of the present generation who followed the flag through the late conflict and preserved it without the loss of a single star, may well claim the praise of having worthily guarded the inheritance bequeathed by the heirs of the Revolution.

## LA GRIPPE.

An ache in your back  
As you toss in your bed,  
An ache in your head  
As if it would crack—  
That's the grippe.

A taste in your mouth  
Like a buffalo coat,  
A feeling you note  
Of lameness and drouth—  
That's the grippe.

A burning sensation  
That makes your eyes weep,  
A struggle to keep  
Back a vivid oration.  
That's the grippe.  
—*Somerville Journal*.

# The Silent Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

## New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TRENTON, JANUARY 28, 1892.

WALTER L. BINGHAM, the deaf-mute who murdered his sweetheart Miss Lizzie Turlington, in North Carolina about five years ago, and who disappeared mysteriously immediately afterwards, has been found, it is said, in an insane asylum in France.

MR. JENKINS has received from Mrs. Hutton, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, a fine photograph of her late husband, who for many years and until his death, was Principal of the Halifax School for Deaf-Mutes. This remembrance of one of the best and ablest men in the work of deaf-mute education is prized by the recipient.

ALFRED KING has given to the school nineteen numbers of an illustrated magazine called the Cosmopolitan. Mr. Jenkins will have them bound and put in the library. The pupils can learn many things by reading these magazines and by looking at the pictures. We may say that back numbers of illustrated magazines are always welcome to us. If they are too much worn to be bound, the pictures can be cut out and put into scrap-books.

THE *Journal* of January 7th contains an editorial New Year's greeting to the several members of the deaf-mute press in the shape of about twenty stanzas of rhyme. We can't say that we think the lines as polished as Tennyson's best work, nor as full of profound thought as Browning's, but they show a genial spirit, and no small ingenuity in finding rhymes for the most puzzling words. Of our little sheet the writer says,

"Wassail to the good SILENT WORKER,  
In a bumper of Croton we drink."

THE January number of the *Annals* is at hand. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, emphasizes the need of having teachers of a high standard of ability and education among the working force of our institutions. Our Superintendent contributes an article on the teaching of arithmetic. Miss Fuller gives a very interesting account of "How Helen Keller Learned to Speak." Mr. Robinson, of Wisconsin, throws out a timely hint in regard to "Technical Education for the Deaf." "Moral Education," by Miss Sutton of Pennsylvania, and "The Religious Training of the Deaf Child" by Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, deal with a very im-

portant part of education, and one not often discussed in print. Dr. Gillett personally writes in favor of a World's Congress, and the committee of the Columbian Exposition, on the Institution of the Deaf, of which Dr. Gillett is Chairman, issue an address in favor of such a Congress. The Editorial Department, consisting of Notices of Publications, Statistics of Schools for the Deaf, School Items and Miscellaneous Notes, is filled out with the exactness and the good judgment which always characterize Prof. Fay's work.

AFTER our sad experience during the present season, it seems hardly necessary to say that this school needs rooms for hospital use, and a regular nurse—and needs them badly, too. Such is the feeling among those members of our Board who know most about this school and its workings, and we trust the matter will receive attention during this winter's session of the Legislature. We have had a fair-weather sailing for eight years, but this term we have encountered storms, and we must expect rough weather from time to time. We believe that the next time epidemic disease visits us, we shall not be unprepared for it.

MRS. C. I. LOUNSBURY, formerly Miss Carrie Handy, an articulation teacher of much skill and experience, has opened a school at 343 Fifth Avenue, New York. Her specialty is the teaching of adult deaf-mutes to talk, and her success in this very difficult work has been, we understand, quite remarkable. Mrs. Lounsbury was for a while a teacher of articulation in the New York and afterwards in the California Institution, and the Principals of both those schools speak very highly of her ability. We can speak from some personal knowledge of her work, and we do not hesitate to recommend her as a skilled teacher of the mechanism of speech.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 12.—Superintendent Johnson, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, has been making some interesting experiments with the phonograph, and believes that in connection with it he can teach the majority of the deaf-mutes under his charge to talk. He finds that the instrument concentrates the sound at the drum of the ear in such a way that many of the pupils, otherwise deaf, are enabled to hear.

He tried the phonograph with twenty-seven boys and twenty-nine girls. Of these only three girls were unable to hear anything at all. Twenty boys and twenty girls could hear instrumental music, while eleven boys and fifteen girls could distinguish spoken words.

Of the fifty-six whose hearing was tested by placing the phonograph tubes in their ears, twenty-eight could hear best with the left ear and fourteen with the right, while eleven heard alike with both. —*New York World*.

WE reprint the above, but not because we have much confidence that the deaf as a class will cease to exist by reason of having their hearing restored by the phonograph. Various devices have been tried at different times to accomplish this purpose, and some of them have, for

a while, seemed to promise a great deal. When the audiphone first came out, we were very enthusiastic about it, and spent all our leisure time working on deaf children with it. We persuaded ourselves at first that we had the cure for deafness, but when we had experimented long enough to wear off the enthusiasm with which teacher and pupil began, and to distinguish between what the pupils heard and what they only thought they heard, we found only one deaf person out of all we tried who was helped by the instrument. However, the failure of one or of fifty attempts does not prove that the next trial may not be successful. We hope this, or some means may be found useful towards reaching the end sought.

WE have received a copy of the *Nebraska Mutes' Journal*, dated January 15th, 1892, and we learn by a pleasant, though rather sarcastic paragraph on the editorial page, that it will hereafter exchange regularly with us. It is one of the largest of the institution papers, containing eight pages 15x11, besides the cover, which is devoted to advertisements, each of which is printed in parts in the manual alphabet. This is certainly an ingenious and practical way of extending the use of that means of communication. The contents of the paper are an excellent combination of school news, interesting anecdotes and instructive matter of several sorts. We commend it to our pupils and others as one of the best of our exchanges.

THE annual reports of the various institutions are coming in rapidly, one after another. The Ohio Institution reports an attendance of 380 pupils. The various industrial departments show, by their statements a very high degree of efficiency. The class-room work of this school has always been excellent. We note with entire assent and with a little amusement the emphatic remarks of the Superintendent in regard to persons who, employed in a public institution, do not seem "anxious to render such service as to make themselves valued by the Board and officers of the institution."

The Mississippi Institution reports eighty-two pupils in attendance. The Superintendent has made enquiry into the occupations and earnings of former pupils of the School. As might be supposed, farming is the occupation most generally followed, though printing, weaving, dress-making and stone-cutting are represented. There is also a wheelwright, a teacher and a railroad clerk among those reported.

The Report of the Kentucky Institution is quite a bulky volume, but the greater part of its 112 pages is taken up with a detailed financial statement of less interest to the outside public than to those responsible for the management of the school. It is satisfactory to know that on December 18th, 1890, by check No. 83, Messrs. Cheek and Quisenberry (good names, by the way, for their business) were duly paid fifteen dollars for insurance effected. But, we own we should be more interested to be told more fully how Mr. Argo and his associates carry on their work so as to attain the good results they do. Probably the Directors think "no news is good news," and they say so

little about the workings of the school, because it runs so smoothly there is little to say. The number of pupils present November 1st, 1891, in white and colored departments was 194.

The Oral School for the Deaf in Cincinnati has a couple of pages to itself in the Report of Public Schools. It seems to be doing a useful work. We are perhaps going outside our proper limits in criticizing systems of public school education, but the course marked out for the primary and grammar schools in this report seems to us excellent. The things which every person ought to know, outside of the "three R's," are taught, and there seems to be room enough left for a good teacher to use her own methods. If the good teachers are found, and kept when found, Cincinnati ought to have good public schools.

## ROXANNA HOWELL.

Within the present month we have again been saddened by the death of a bright, promising, amiable pupil. When the last case of scarlet fever had recovered, and, after thorough cleaning, disinfecting and fumigation of the rooms occupied by the sick, the building had been pronounced free from all danger from that source, we hoped that our school would be free from farther attacks of disease and death. But the epidemic of influenza which has swept over the country, and indeed, over the whole civilized world, carrying in its train a host of fatal disorders, did not pass us over. Many of our number were more or less seriously ill, and one or two among those employed in the care of the pupils, were for a time in great danger. Only a few among the pupils contracted this disease, among whom was Roxanna Howell, a girl fourteen years of age. In her case the influenza was followed by a severe attack of bronchitis, and following that, came symptoms threatening a failure of the heart. A trained nurse could not be got in this city nor in Philadelphia or New York, as every one able to take care of the sick was busy. Mrs. Jones, the supervisor of the girls, and the lady teachers undertook the care of the case under Dr. Lalor, and worked faithfully, two of them being in constant attendance night and day. After about a week of this anxiety and care, during which time she seemed, now to be at the point of death, and again to be gaining and to be likely to recover. Roxanna passed away quietly, with very little previous indication of a change, on Thursday morning, the 14th of this month, at four o'clock. The body was sent to her home in Newton the same afternoon, a brief service having been held at the school. Roxanna was a girl of bright mind, affectionate and grateful disposition, and always desirous to learn and improve herself. Every one who knew her was attached to her, and she will be very much missed. She was an only child, and we can imagine the grief of her mother at losing one so endeared by the tenderest ties of blood, by her lovely character and by the claim of a physical affliction. Human effort is powerless to console the bereaved friends, as it was to save the life of the departed. We can only offer our sympathy and hope that her memory may be a comfort to them.

## CONTRIBUTED BY PUPILS.

Matters Interesting to Them  
Written for the Silent  
Worker.

CARRIE ASCHENBRENNER.

All of the girls and boys went home on December 24th, for Christmas. I had a good time at home. I think the Christmas tree was very pretty. I got a work-box, hat, apron, pair of stockings, handkerchief, ribbon, nuts, candy and oranges, etc., for presents. I came back to school in time for dinner, Monday, January 4th. Last Thursday morning Roxanna Howell died. She was very sick in bed. I am very sorry. She had on a cream dress in her coffin, and it was very pretty.

LUCY BLACKWELL.

My father's last birthday was on June 19th. He and I went to Atlantic City. I saw the gentlemen swim in the ocean. It was very warm. I bought a fine comb and I gave it to my papa. He sat on a chair to get cool. He saw the gentlemen in the ocean. I have a cousin; he and I took dinner in a restaurant. He was talking to some gentlemen, and I shook hands with them, and I went home at eight o'clock in the evening. I lost my shawl, and I never found it again. I was sorry about it, because it was very pretty. I had a good time in Atlantic City.

FLEMINGTON.

Last Saturday I received a box from my papa, and I enjoyed eating the fruit. I got some apples, oranges, pears, oyster-crackers, nuts, money and a letter. I told papa that I thanked him exceedingly, because he was very kind to me, and oh, he wrote a sheet of paper and told me that I must come home next Friday night. He thought that I might get sick, and mamma is very sick in bed and she cannot work at her home, and May helps her all the time.

RICHARD ERDMANN.

Coal is black. It is useful to burn and keeps us warm. Coal is found in Pennsylvania, England, Wales, and other countries. We get it by sinking a shaft. It is dangerous to work in a coal-mine, because sometimes the sides or roof fall in and crush the miners to death; sometimes the choke damp chokes them to death and sometimes the fire damp explodes.

ELLIS MARBE.

I will tell you about the paper. The new teacher of printing is named Geo. S. Porter. He is a natural business man. He teaches the printers how to print for the *Daily Bulletin* and the *SILENT WORKER*. They like him. They will learn the printer's trade. This school teaches drawing, dress-making, printing, carpentry and shoe-making. Some of the boys and girls are improving in their trades very fast.

GEO. MITCHELL.

I went home on December 24th. On Christmas morning, I went to Dover, N. J., to visit my aunt through the holidays. I had a nice time with my cousin and uncle. My uncle is a printer in Dover and he took me to the carpenter shop, where cars are made, and again he took me to the engine house. Then we went to Port Oram, and I saw Joseph Harris. My uncle and I took a walk to Rockaway, N. J. Rockaway is not as big as Dover. I went home on

January 4th, and it began to snow deep. A lot of hearing boys and girls rode down the hill in the town where I live. I had a good time riding down the hill and skating.

EVA HUNTER.

I did not go home at Christmas, but I had a good time here. All of the pupils who staid here received silk handkerchiefs, dolls, candy, nuts, dates, apples and oranges for Christmas. I think the Trustees are very kind to give us so many nice things. I wanted to go home. My mother said that I must stay here, because she could not give me so much money. I did not cry. Katie Lamm cried because her mother would not let her go home. I was sorry for Katie. Katie is sick now; she has a bad cough. I hope Katie will soon be well.

JOSIE SCHOLL.

After dinner, on Wednesday, December 23d, Mr. Jenkins took little Ruth Redman, Victoria Hunter, Bessie Sutphin, Hattie Dixon and me to the station to go to Englishtown. Miss Bunting accompanied us. When we arrived at the Fair, a lady named Miss Forman took us to her home and we ate an apple. Then Miss Forman said, "Pardon me," and she went up stairs. We looked over the album. We did not wait for her to come down stairs, but went back to the Fair. Miss Bunting sold the flowers and she got fifty dollars. Miss Forman's sister won a prize of a gold watch. I thought she was very cheerful. We walked around at the Fair, and we would have bought something, but every thing was costly. We had a good time at the Fair. The Fair was very beautiful. I enjoyed travelling there. We had tableaux about half past eight o'clock. I signed "The Star Spangled Banner," and was in two tableaux. Little Ruth Redman was my little teacher in one tableau. We were laughing at her because she was my teacher. When we finished the tableaux, I bought two pinks. I don't know who the gentleman was that gave us the flowers. Mr. Hoffman took us up stairs and we had supper, but I could not eat all the things. We had turkey, ham, celery, apples, pickles, chicken, salad, potatoes, and several kinds of cakes, but I do not remember the rest of the things. We had a good time. We went to Miss Forman's home about eleven o'clock. We slept and ate breakfast at Miss Forman's. We were very comfortable. Miss Dixon conversed with me and we went to sleep about half past eleven o'clock. I did not feel drowsy, but Miss Dixon blew out the light. I was angry at her. I don't like the dark. Thursday morning, when we came to Trenton, I lost an orange and box of candies. The orange fell in the water. We had ice-cream after our supper at the fair.

## Mr. Jenkins Will Lecture.

The literary committee of All Souls' Club, through the chairman, has invited Mr. Weston Jenkins, Superintendent of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, to lecture before the above club on the evening of February 4th. His letter of acceptance has been received. Messrs. Ziegler and Stevens have been appointed to escort Mr. Jenkins. The subject will be announced later. Non-members and visitors from out of town will be admitted on paying ten cents

for ladies and a quarter for gentlemen at the door to Sergeant-at-Arms Miles.

## A Few Comments.

Four new newspapers for the deaf have sprung up during the last two months. The first to claim our notice was *The Banner*, printed by the pupils of the North Dakota School for the Deaf, at Devils Lake. It is a small eight-page paper 7x10, and its primary object is to teach the art of printing to the pupils, coupled with the belief that it will stimulate in them a thirst for reading. It is edited by P. L. Axling, and will be published fortnightly during the school term.

The second to bob up was the *Silent Press*, published weekly at Dayton, O., by Ed. I. Holycross & Co. It is a five column quarto 12x20, well gotten up and neatly printed, containing over twenty columns of choice reading matter, while about the same amount of space is devoted to the deaf world. It is an independent paper, and we commend it to all of our silent friends who wish a clean, interesting and well printed newspaper. Subscription price, one dollar a year.

The third, though we have not been favored with a copy, is, we learn, *The Topic*, published at Minneapolis, Minn., by a colored gentleman. Until we have seen the paper, we cannot pass criticism.

The last, but by no means the least in estimation, is the little paper which leaves the printing office every month at the Western Pennsylvania Institution. It is called *The Gazette* and is neatly printed and rather original in the make up.

The *Goodson Gazette* says that Mr. Robert Bell, of Alexandria, has established a laundry in Staunton, Va. We wonder if it is a steam laundry, or one run on the Chinese plan. If the latter, is it possible he has discovered the secret of the cunning Chinese!

The Protean Society will hold its third theatrical entertainment on the evening of Saturday, January 30th, 1892, at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It promises to be well attended.

The girls in the Arkansas Institution seem to be superior to the sterner sex, intellectually and physically. Some time ago the girls in the Art class challenged the boys of the shoe shop to a "tug-of-war," and came out victorious. We wonder how the boys feel now.

John E. Garlett, more familiarly known in New York City and vicinity as John E. O'Brien, turned up Wednesday, January 6th, in time to take breakfast with the pupils. He told us that he was going to Lusk, Wyoming, where a relative keeps a ranch, and that he would make the journey on foot and in freight cars. Being without a cent, we fear he is making a fool-hardy attempt, but he assured us that he would get there all the same. He attended school at the Lexington Avenue and Washington Heights Schools in New York, and is quite intelligent.

## TO HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

Bishop Brooks' Beautiful Letter  
to Helen Keller.

One of the most beautiful things that ever emanated from the great heart of Bishop Phillips Brooks is a letter that he recently wrote to his little friend, Helen Keller, the intelligent deaf, dumb and blind child at the Perkins Institution. She had written to him saying:

Please tell me something that you know about God. I like so much to hear about my loving Father, who is so good and wise.

The bishop replied:

I want to tell you how glad I am that you are so happy and enjoying your home so very much. I can almost think I see you with your father and mother and little sister, with all the brightness of the beautiful country about you, and it makes me very glad to know how glad you are.

I am glad also to know from the questions which you asked me, what you are thinking about.

I do not see how we can help thinking about God when he is so good to us all the time.

Let me tell you how it seems to me that we come to know about the heavenly Father. It is from the power of love which is in our own hearts.

Love is at the soul of everything. Whatever has not the power of loving must have a very dreary life indeed.

We like to think that the sunshine and the winds and the trees are able to love in some way of their own, for it would make us know that they were happy if we knew that they could love; and so God, who is the greatest and happiest of all beings is the most loving, too. All the love that is in our hearts comes from him, as all the light which is in the flowers comes from the sun; and the more we love the more near we are to God and his love.

And so love is everything; and if anybody asks you, or you ask yourself what God is, answer:—"God is love!" That is the beautiful answer which the Bible gives.

All this is what you are to think of and to understand more and more as you grow older. Think of it now and let it make every blessing brighter, because your dear Father sends it to you.

## How to Test an Impostor.

Now and then we hear of a person attempting to sham deafness. The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* gives the following novel way to catch them "napping."

That no man is proof against the love of money is evidenced by the case with which a physician can expose a man who is feigning deafness, says Dr. Wallace Smythe. A man can pretend to be deficient in any of the senses, and it is sometimes necessary to subject him to an electric shock to break down his self-erect barrier. But if a man who pretending to be deaf is approached from behind while standing on a stone floor or sidewalk and a coin dropped so as to ring, he will invariably turn sharp around with a view to picking up the coin.

This simple device is frequently resorted to in countries where conscription is the rule and where deafness or any other infirmity relieves a man from army service. I saw it tried in Paris on six alleged deaf youths, and much to the examining physician's amusement, it succeeded in exposing the sham every time.

The statement has been started on its rounds in the deaf-mute press, originated, we believe, by the *Critic*, that a deaf-mute is employed as a clerk on a postal car running between San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal. The statement is in part correct. Messrs. A. C. Doe and W. A. Tilley run on different cars from San Francisco through Sacramento to Ogden, Utah, and back. The former has been on a postal car for fully eighteen years, which is a guarantee that a deaf-mute may possess the qualification of a first-class railway mail agent. Another deaf-mute is on a line running out of New York.—*Silent Press*.

**SOCIAL PREFERENCE.****Some Reasons Why the Deaf Prefer the Society of Each Other.**

Much has been said in regard to the close sympathy which exists among the deaf and the decided preference which they frequently manifest for the society of one another, and there has been a disposition to regard this feeling as something abnormal and to be counteracted at all hazards. It has been asserted that there is no more reason why a deaf man should prefer the society of the deaf on account of his deafness than why a one armed man should prefer the society of others similarly maimed. This preference for the society of one another has been variously ascribed to the influence of the sign language, to an imperfect command of English, and to the gathering together of large numbers of deaf child into a single school. While each of the cause assigned may have some influence in producing the result, the main reason will be found in the universal tendency of man to sympathize and associate with those whose every-day experience, by reason of either physical or intellectual limitations, corresponds most nearly to his own. If the loss of an arm imposed the same limitations of activity, physical and intellectual, one armed man would exhibit quickly enough a preference for one another's society, but as it does not there is not valid reason for such association. Blindness, too, while it does limit bodily activity, does not impose any restraint upon intellectual activity; the blind can associate with the seeing on equal terms, and the daily experience of one blind man does not correspond in any great degree with that of another. With the deaf, however, deafness imposes very nearly the same restraints upon all. The sphere activity is of necessity limited, and there is difficult in a greater or less degree in the way of the intellectual progress of every deaf man. When a blind man meets another he knows that here is one who is handicapped as he is, who has overcome practically the same obstacles in acquiring an education, whose daily path is beset with the same difficulties, and whose life must run in much the same grooves as his own. There is, therefore, a sympathy between the two which no amount of reasoning or remonstrance can abolish or destroy, but which will exist as long as deafness itself remains one of the inexorable facts of human life. That this sympathy is frequently exaggerated and carried to absurd extremes, if too true, but kept within reasonable bounds, far from being a discredit to the deaf, it is and ought to be regarded as a very natural exhibition of human nature.—*Silent World*.

**Nature's Make of "Bees-Wax."**

At the mouth of the Nehalem River, on the coast of Oregon, a very queer substance is found. It has the appearance of a mineral at first sight, but under close inspection and under practical test it appears to be pure bees-wax. It has all the useful properties of bees-wax, and it is sold in Astoria at the regular market price of bees-wax. It is washed ashore at high tide in quantities ranging from a lump the size of a walnut to a chunk weighing 150 pounds.

It is also found on shore, in black soil where trees are growing, at considerable elevations above the water.

A piece of this strange substance submitted to expert examination in New York is declared to be what is known as mineral-wax. This substance has for years been known to exist in the lignite beds of the north-west. The qualities found on the coast of Oregon would seem to indicate the existence of a tertiary lignite bed in the neighborhood. It belongs to the hydro-carbon series allied to the retinites and ambers—fossil remains of resinous trees of the tertiary age.—*Jamesburg Advance*.

**Eloquent Silence.**

A banquet of the most interesting kind was held last evening at the Grand Velfour restaurant.

A hundred people sat down to table, and they all spoke; but you would not hear a sound. They made speeches full of eloquence after the banquet, and yet the only sound was the applause from those around the table.

It was the annual dinner of the deaf-mutes to celebrate the 179th anniversary of the Abbe de l'Épée.

The president is an American citizen, and among those who sat down were M. and Mme. Ernest Dusuzeau, M. and Mme. Omnes, M. and Mme. Henri Genis, M. and Mme. Rene Despierre, M. and Mme. Rene Hirach, M. Paul Choppin, the sculptor; M. J. Theobald, M. and Mme. Navarrin, M. and Mme. Hennequin, M. Henri Gaillard, editor of the *Gazette des Sourds-Muets*; Mr. V. G. Chambellan, M. Theophilus Dennis, Mr. Trevet, an American; M. Gilet, secretary of the club of deaf-mutes; Mr. Jacob Alexander, the American portrait-painter; Mr. John Macnaughton, the Canadian landscape artist; and Mr. Nestor Varries, a Greek artist of much talent.

Dr. Warring Wilkinson, director of the Deaf-Mutes' Institution of California, was expected, but sent a letter of regret from Vienna, saying that he was unable to leave that city.

An excellent dinner was served, and after it Mr. Tilden, who hails from California, gave an eloquent example of the art of signs, in a speech every point of which was caught up by the audience, and warmly applauded. The others who also spoke in signs were Messrs. V. G. Chambellan, Paul Choppin, Theobald, Ernest Dusuzeau, Rene Hirach, Chomat and Henri Gaillard.

Toasts were given, drunk and replied to, and the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one.—*Paris edition of the New York Herald*, Nov. 30.

**Fault Finding.**

Don't get in the habit of it. It's the easiest thing to do and the hardest thing to stop in the wide, wide world. It ruins your temper and spoils the shape of your mouth. Try and see the good rather than the disagreeable in the people and your surroundings. You wouldn't go into a friend's house and find fault with what she does and what she has and her ways of living; what right have you then to find fault with those who are more than friends to you—the people of your own blood? If there is a grace that we are all stingy with it is that of giving praise, and yet it is one with which we ought

to lavish. Why should you tell your friend that her bonnet is becoming when you have never said that to your sister? Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins when you have forgotten to tell mother how good hers were? Why should you announce that Mr. Wilson over the way knows, when father is a great deal better informed man, and it never entered your head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom. You keep your ability to discover faults for the home, while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly till you go out. Don't wait till some one has gone from you to tell of their virtues. Don't wait till sister is far away in another land to tell her how helpful, how pretty, or how courteous she is, and don't wait till the weary hands are crossed and the long sleep has come before you make mother know what a beautiful blue are her eyes, how tender is her heart and how dearly you love her. Tell it all now, now, when the walk through life is hard and the sunshine of praise is yearned for to brighten it, and to warm and encourage the pilgrim by the way-side.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

**The Child.**

There are indications everywhere that the child has been accorded a new and important place in the world. Philosophers of the highest rank are giving attention to the study of the child. Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Preyer, and many others have thought him most worthy of their observation.

It would be strange if no mistakes are made in the revolution from the rule that a child is to be seen, not heard; is not to speak unless spoken to; is to live a repressed and completely restrained life, except in those rare moments when nature, like murder, will "out." A pendulum swings violently and through a wide arc when its uniform motion is disturbed, but the forces of nature will certainly act upon it and will eventually produce even strokes; so when the child's world swings rapidly from "the dark to the daylight," some confusion may be expected.

Looked at from this point of view, it is easy to see why there is laxity of government in some homes, so that a stranger—a Puritan grandfather, for instance—looking on, might infer that a sort of perpetual children's opera were going on there. It indicates the reaction from the cast-iron rule, that the rod which the wise man did not "spare" should be wreathed in tissue paper and hung up in the Kindergarten.

Amid all that is confusion to a mother who must try to reconcile inherited notions with modern ideas one thought ought to be grasped with firmness: her children must be taught obedience, whether with Solomon's rod, with "prayer and the slipper," or Herbert Spencer's admirable system of punishment, whereby she is to attempt government by the natural method of allowing the child to suffer the logical effect of wrong-doing. If he plays with fire, let him burn his fingers. Although there is occasionally a burnt child who does not dread the fire, he is a rare being.

It may seem a trifling matter to the young mother, alone in the nursery with her little child, that he shall do what mamma tells him. Se-

cluded there, their small world may seem to her wholly unrelated to the large one outside—the world of strife and of sin, in which only those made strong by self-control can ever hope to win anything worth keeping there and worth carrying forward into another life. But consider the effect upon this world if every mother in every nursery should be obeyed.—*Housewife*.

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**THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mutes**, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions: The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than eight nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also by a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application, and any desired information in regard to the school, may be obtained by writing to the following address:

**Weston Jenkins, A. M.,**  
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